'TRANSVESPIRES'

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"TRANSVESPIRES"

by

Becky Bridgewater

The first rays of daylight began to creep across the city as he returned to his resting place. His long, leather-like wings taking huge swipes at the air as he doubled his speed. He had wandered farther than ever before last night in search of prey, with little success. A couple of cows in the Jersey marshes had provided his nourishment for another day. After discovering the dead cows, the farmers would alert the authorities, and all animals would be confined to the indoors once the sun set. Very few humans were venturing out after dark since the killings started. The only ones who did were more often than not, policemen.

He slowed down as he approached the an-

cient school house, so out of place against the high-rises of Manhatten. It had been abandoned ages ago, and nobody could understand why it still stood. But it did, and now it was serving a purpose. He entered from a broken window on the second floor and transformed into his 'human' form. The cow's blood still stained his chin, but it hadn't been enough. Only human blood could sustain him for the long periods of time he went between feedings. As he made his way down into the basement, he made a firm committment to find himself a human victim that night.

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Steven Hunt awoke that morning early. He woke up early every Wednesday. This was his day of the week, the night Betty Martin's husband worked late and stayed overnight at the office, to prevent himself from going out after dark. The killings were the greatest thing that ever happened to Steven.

He dragged his slender body out of bed and pulled on his robe. He made his way into the bathroom and took a good look at himself in the mirror.

He wasn't exactly a picture of manliness, he had to admit. He was on the small side, only five feet, four inches tall. He weighed only 130 lbs. He had very small feet and slender hands at the ends of long, likewise slender arms. He had little body hair, and therefore didn't have to shave very often. He looked at himself and wondered, "What does Betty Martin see in Me?"

But he knew the answer as soon as he thought

it. Betty Martin was love-hungry. He had just been in the right place at the right time. His job as a parcel delivery man had brought him to her. The killings were at their zenith back then, and people had stopped going outdoors at night. Mrs. Martin's husband Bert had stopped coming home from work more and more often to obey the city's curfew notices. The package Steven had delivered to her was erotic and extremely sexy clothing that Mrs. Martin had sent away for, to improve her love life with Bert. But by the time the package arrived, their sex life was almost nil. She reluctantly took the package from Steven and signed the receipt. She then tossed the package out into the street.

Steven retrieved the bundle and took it into the house behind her. She was crying. The sight of this beautiful creature crying moved Steven. He asked if he could do anything and that was it. She took the package into the bedroom and emerged minutes later, wearing the sexiest clothing he had ever laid eyes on. When he returned to the warehouse three hours later, he had found he had been fired. Nobody could understand why Steven had accepted the pink slip with a smile.

Every Wednesday after that, he had gone over to the Martin's house at five p. m. sharp and had made love to the most beautiful, most perfect girl he had ever seen. Afraid himself to go out after dark, he invariably stayed the night, leaving early the next morning. Bert would come home for a bite to eat and a shower

before departing again for work not long after he left. Once, Steven even saw Bert after leaving the house. He had missed him by mere minutes. That was the only close call in the last month.

This Wednesday, Steven decided to spend the day looking for another job. The unemployment checks he was receiving were adequate for his lifestyle, but he couldn't take the inactivity of the day. So, after a small breakfast, he set out, paper in his hands, opened to the want-ads.

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Betty Martin was staring out of the second floor window of the home she shared with her husband. They had drifted so far apart, she thought, she no longer considered the house as hers also. She thought about Steven, dear, sweet, Steven. The boy was absolutely the worst lover she had ever met. She only suspected as much when he had admitted to being a virgin that first time. But if Bert wouldn't give it to her, she would get it somewhere else. Bert hadn't even come home for his breakfast and shower that morning. But, well-meaning Steven would be here at five tonight. Sharp. She began to fantasize about Bert, and soon was on the bed, Fingering herself to a climax.

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Bert Martin was still sleeping on the couch at noon, when his secretary woke him gently, kissing him and talking softly. Bert woke up, aroused. He stretched and kissing his secretary back, noticed the time. "Christ," he muttered. "Betty's gonna be pissed I didn't come home.

Get her on the phone, will you?" The secretary obediently went out of the main office. Bert straightened his tie and smoothed out his pants. His eyes covered the floor until he found his shoes. He was putting on the first one when his secretary announced over the intercom: "Your wife on line two, dearest."

Bert hit the on button and said, "Betty? Listen, hon, I'm sorry I didn't come home this morning. I had to work late into the night and just now woke up."

"Don't sweat it, baby," replied Betty. "I just woke up myself."

"I'll be home tomorrow, dear. I'll probably take the day off, since the job will be finished tonight. I'll take you out, okay? Dinner and dancing sound alright?"

"Sure, fine. Whatever you say."

"Great, see you tomorrow."

"'Bye, Bert. And say goodbye to Billy for me." She hung up.

Billy Fryer stormed into the office. "What did she mean by that crack?!" he fumed. "Calm down Billy, she doesn't suspect a thing. C'mon, let's get some lunch." "Okay. But if she ever found out, it would be the end of both of us, you know that, don't you?"

" "Of course," said Bert, as he gave Billy

a peck on the lips. "Stop worrying. How do I look?"

" "Gorgeous. Let's Go."

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The day had been uneventful for Steven. A couple of interviews had yielded nothing. "We'll call you" had been said so many times, he considered getting an answering service. Stepping inside his apartment, he noticed the time. Four o'clock. Time to get ready. His heart pounded as he showered, shaved (was it really necessary?) and dressed. At four-forty five, he stepped out of his house to make the seven minute walk to Betty Martin's.

Betty Martin was getting into the filmy negligee that Steven liked so much. She had worn it every time they had made love, and it was now a routine between them. Steven would be immensely satisfied while Betty would be lucky to reach climax beneath him. Since there hadn't been a killing in over a week (only a couple of cows--but is it really murder to kill a cow?) she would ask Steven to leave after he was through tonight. She would say her husband was going to surprise her by coming home later that night. Steven would have to leave. The doorbell rang. She glanced at the clock. Five o'clock. Exactly.

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Bert Martin had worked extra hard today, thought Billy. He would easily be finished by seven or so tonight. Far earlier than either of them had thought. Billy figured Bert wanted to take him to the couch earlier and spend the night in passionate ecstasy. But Bert wanted to finish early so he could surprise Betty by coming home early that night. She would be so thrilled, he thought. What a surprise it would be.

By nightfall, Steven and Betty had made love three times. Betty had yet to achieve a climax, but had lied to Steven about how great it had been. She was very bored.

Bert finished up at six-thirty. The sun was almost set. He still had time to get home before darkness was complete. Billy was furious, but there was nothing Bert could do. He had to keep his wife happy.

Deep in the basement of an old abandoned school building, a coffin lid began to stir. It dropped to the ground with a heavy thud, and a figure rose from within the crypt. He stretched his muscles and made his way up the old steps.

Steven was wiping up the spilled wine furiously, apologizing over and over. He had dropped a goblet of Betty's best wine all over himself and the formerly immaculate white tablecloth. His pants were covered with a huge red stain, his shirt likewise. They and the tablecloth were ruined. Betty instructed him to take off his clothes, she would throw them in the washer. She handed him one of her robes while she took the clothes down to the basement.

Bert turned his car onto the street his house was on. He couldn't wait to see the expression on his wife's face when he walked in. He found it humorous for her to love him so much when he could barely stand to be with her. Rising young executives should have a wife and one point five kids. Rising young homosexual

executives don't go too far. He pulled into the driveway.

In the basement, Betty heard the car first, and she panicked. She sped for the stairs as the engine was turned off outside. Upstairs, she couldn't find Steven. He had gone back up to the bedroom. Bert was approaching the front door. Betty was trapped in the center of the living room, unable to reach either the stairs up or down before Bert entered. She stood there, transfixed. Bert entered. Seeing his wife in a sexy nightgown at seven-thirty puzzled him. She rushed toward him and kissed him. From upstairs, Bert heard: "Betty? What's keeping you?" Bert shot a glance at his wife in horror. Betty just looked up at him, meekly. Bert shoved her aside and strode toward the stairs.

Steven heard somebody ascending the stairs. He playfully pulled the covers of the bed up over his head. As the figure entered the room, Steven said, pulling the covers down, slowly: "Betty? Why don't you ever wear---". And then he saw Bert. Bert snatched the covers off the bed and saw Steven. He was wearing one of his wife's negligees, under one of her robes. Bert was furious. This was his wife, his meal ticket, his... "Get out of that bed!," he yelled. Betty appeared behind him. Steven climbed out of the bed. Bert went over to his dresser and removed a handgun from the top drawer. An idea came to him.

"You'll be leaving now, pal."

"My-uh-clothes-are-they got-their-uh", stammered Steven.

"You're wearing your clothes. Better yet, Betty, dress your girlfriend here up real pretty. She's going for a walk."

"Bert? What do you mean. What are you talking about?" She looked at him.

"Since I'm home now to keep you company, you won't need your girlfriend here. So, send her on home. Get her dressed, dear. Now". He released the safety of the pistol.

Betty handed Steven a pair of her husband's briefs.

"No, no, Betty, honey. Where's her panties? Surely, a nice figured girl like this isn't going to want to wear Male underwear, now, is she?"

Betty glared at her husband who uncocked the gun. She went over to her dresser and took out a pair of light green nylon panties. She handed them to Steven who took them, ashamedly. He just looked at Bert.

"Put them on."

Steven stepped into the panties and drew them up his legs, settling them around his loin, under the nightgown. Bert picked up a pair of Betty's pantyhose from the end of the bed and tossed them to Steven. He gestured with his

gun to put them on. Steven did, Betty helping him.

"Come on, come on, finish up. I'm getting impatient." Betty removed the robe and negligee from Steven and helped him into a bra, which she padded with rolled up stockings. A white slip was dropped over him which fell midway to his knees. Betty walked over to the closet, leaving a very embarassed Steven facing her irate husband. She selected a very plain blue dress for him to wear, but Bert instructed her to get something more becoming to her girl's figure. Bert himself chose the dress. It was also blue, but a much lighter shade. It was made of a filmy polyester knit with a very short skirt. (Too short, thought Steven!) Betty helped him into the dress. It had a drawstring neck that tied just above his ersazt bust into a large bow. The long, full sleeves puffed at the wrist where a piece of elastic held it tightly to his wrists. The skirt hit just below the bottom of the slip, still a ways from his knees. Steven blushed when he saw the length.

Betty helped him into a pair of open-toe high heels with a tie at the ankles. Steven moved about unsteadily on the unaccustomed shoes.

"Now for his face," said Bert, getting excited by the sight of the male in skirts. Betty sat Steven down on her make-up stool. Steven was shaking in embarassment. Betty applied an even coating of foundation to his face. Then she dusted his eyelids with blue eyeshadow. A

line was drawn with eyeliner which made his eyes look much bigger, and prettier. She applied mascara to his lashes, thickening and elongating them into very sexy, curly lashes which greatly improved the boy's looks. Betty then brushed on some light red blush on his cheekbones, which only covered the genuine blush of the quivering young man.

On Bert's insistence, Betty plucked Steven's eyebrows into a perfect arch over each of his beautifully made-up eyes. An eyebrow pencil helped accentuate the lightness of the boy's blond brow-hairs. And then the final touch--Steven's lipstick. Betty drew the outline of the boy's lips with a pencil, then used a bright pink shade to fill them in. She instructed the feminized male in how to blot them correctly. Betty clipped a pair of gold hoop earrings to his ears and hung a matching pendant around his neck. She brushed his fairly long hair into a unisex style, with his bangs sweeping across his forehead. She sprayed his hair with hairspray, then dabbed on some of her most expensive perfume. Finished, she stepped back and gasped at the sight of her creation.

Steven stood up, almost toppling over, but catching himself. He looked at himself in the wall mirror and was stunned. The gorgeous girl in the mirror was mimicing his every movement. It didn't register in his mind that he was looking at himself.

"Okay, sweetie. Time to leave. It's

getting chilly, you'd better grab a sweater." Bert took a sweater from the closet and tossed it to Steven, who dropped it. Betty picked it up and helped him into it. Bert put his arm around Steven's shoulders and helped him down the stairs. Into his ear, he whispered: "If I ever catch you around my wife again, I won't be so nice." Then, out loud: "Have a nice trip. Be careful of the killer on the loose."

Suddenly, the terror of the moment came upon Steven. He had meekly submitted to everything that Bert had forced on him, but now, he was about to step out into the night, dressed as a beautiful girl! P-Please, let me wear my own clothes. The killer concentrates on young women alone at night. I don't want to die!" Steven was visibly shaken. "Sorry, doll. You stand a chance by walking home. The pistol, on the other hand, has a virtual 100% fatality rate. Which do you prefer.

Steven stepped out into the night, and Bert slammed the door closed behind him. The unexpected feeling of air swirling up and under his skirt momentarily calmed him down.

He began to walk, slowly, copying a feminine gait. He swung his arms like a girl, and turned his hands outward from his body. The smell of his perfume wafted about him and the pinching of the earrings on his lobes were a constant reminder of his predicament. He was only seven minutes from his house. But that was at his normal gait.

High overhead, a large bat slowly circled. It had been attracted by the light of the door opening and seemed to be following the feminine figure as it slowly walked down the street. It had been another dismal night for him, and he was determined not to let this easy prey get away. The female figure turned onto a side street and the bat swooped down, landing thirty feet in front of 'her'.

Steven suddenly noticed a dark figure leaning against a wall directly in front of him. The figure was watching him! Steven looked away from him and continued on his way. He kept telling himself there was nothing to worry about, he was as feminine as any other girl. He was about to pass the stranger when Steven stole a quick glance at him. The man's eyes caught him immediately and Steven stopped, transfixed. He couldn't take his eyes from the man's. The man moved toward him and embraced him.

Steven awoke (Hours? Minutes? Days??) later. He could see nothing in the darkness, at first. Soon his eyes adjusted and he could make out shapes around him. He was sitting on a... schooldesk? Yes, there were desks all around him. Old desks, the kind he had when in school, fifteen or so years ago. Moonlight streamed in from between the boards on the windows. "Hello. Are you all right?" inquired a voice from the blackness. "W-who's there? Where am I?" From out of the darkness, the strange figure with the glowing eyes moved toward him. He put his hand on Steven's. "Time enough for questions later.

You are so beautiful. . I couldn't bring myself to kill you." The words hit Steven with the force of a hammer. The fact that he was still dressed as he was came back to him. And he was in the lair of the mysterious killer!

The man ran his rough hand over Steven's face.

"You are so much like my Angelique. The same features, you could be her own daughter. My daughter.." The man moved away, back into the dark. "Who are you?" said Steven, beginning to shake with fright. "I have been called many things. Vlad. Dracule. Dracula. Satan." Stunned disbelief. The man came back toward him in the darkness. "Angelique..." The man embraced Steven again and kissed him passionately on the lips. His passion increased and he plunged his tongue into the mouth of the frightened she-male. He ran his fingers through the hair of the boy, and moved his other hand gently over the front of his dress, just below his false bosom. Finding no other option available, Steven returned the man's kisses. Steven placed his hands behind the man's neck and moved them up into his thickly matted hair. The man called Dracula moved his head slightly and kissed Steven's cheek and up to his ears. He licked the skirted boy's earlobe tenderly. Steven could feel himself responding to the man's moves. But the terror of him going any further was in the forefront, however.

The man stopped and pulled away. He disappeared in the darkness again. "I could make you the happiest woman on the face of the earth. I could give you treasures others only dream about. You could be the queen of an empire. Say you will cast your lot with me, and it shall be done. Say you will serve me!"

The man's eyes were peering out of the blackness, riveting into Steven's own. Mesmerized, he answered, "Yes, Dracula, anything." He then fainted.

When he awoke, he was still in the schoolroom, but sunlight was now poreing in through the boarded up windows. The man called Dracula was no where to be seen. A steel case was sitting on the desk beside him. He opened it. Inside was a bundle of money, and a note. On the note, scratched in barely legible script was: "Angelique, my darling, I rest. The wealth I possess is now also yours. This is but a miniscule portion of it. Use it as you will. I shall call you to my side tonight. Until then, your beloved, the most noble Count Dracula."

Steven looked at the money. He counted it. One hundred, Two hundred, three hundred, four hundred! Four hundred dollars! He took the case, put the money inside it and left the room. In the hallway, which was covered with a carpet of dust, Steven noticed a washroom. He also noticed that there were no footprints in the dust. And this was the only way out

of the room. He didn't pay it any attention and headed for the washroom.

He looked at himself in the cracked mirror after brushing off the cobwebs. He still looked fine. His lipstick was smeared, but other than that, he was presentable. He smoothed out his skirt and headed out of the building.

The sunlight struck him hard as he left the building. It must've been near noon.

He recognized the section of town, but knew he was a good walk from his apartment building. He began to walk as femininely as before and made slow progress.

He became consciously aware of people looking at him. He realized that women went through this every day, but he wasn't used to being stared at. Soon, he was back in his own neighborhood. He began to dread running into somebody who knew him.

Down the street from his building, he noticed a large crowd outside it. Two people walked by him and he overheard: "I heard a young man disappeared last night. Left a friend's house and never reached his apartment house." Could they mean him? Would Betty or Bert call to see if he made it home all right? Well, maybe Betty. How could he turn up at home, now-dressed as he was? What would his neighbors say? How would he explain

to the cops that he was out all night with a vampire? He turned around and walked away from the scene.

He walked until he could walk no further. The high heels began to take their toll on his unaccustomed feet. He noticed a fleabag of and apartment house with a vacancy sign and went in.

He signed up for three nights lodging under the name Angela Downing. He paid the owner in advance with Dracula's money. His room was worth the little bit he had to pay for it. It had two rooms and a bath. The furnishings were ancient, and dust had settled over almost everything. He sat down on the roll-out couch and thought. . . .

He decided to go shopping a little later. If he was going to be 'Angela Downing" for at least three nights, he would need more things. He didn't even believe he would ever run across this Dracula person again. How could he possibly find him? He wound up at an expensive department store, located not too far away.

He bought himself a couple dresses, a night-gown, some cosmetics, a few pairs of shoes, and all the accessories he could think of. He couldn't bring himself to admit it, but he was getting quite a kick out of this little masquerade. He dined after his spree, then headed back to his new rooms. It was early evening, just hours from sundown.

Betty Martin had been furious with her husband for doing what he did to poor Steven. Especially after she found out his gun was unloaded and Bert had never even bought shells for it since he owned it. She and he had it out, getting it out of their systems, then kissed and made up. Bert said he understood how she was lonely and promised to spend more time with her. She then found out Steven's phone number and called his house. Getting no answer, she called every hour until morning. Then she called the police. Steven was not in his apartment. Betty was frantic.

Steven was thrilled. He tried on everything he had bought and then every combination. He experimented with his make-up and then dressed to go out for a movie. It was sundown.

Dracula awoke and immediately thought of his Angelique. He planned to marry her ins some unholy ritual and make her his queen of the underworld. But first, she would have to die.

When Bert didn't show up for work that day, Billy Fryer called him. No answer. This wasn't like Bert, thought Billy. He must be trying to appease that 'wife' of his. Billy finally got through to Bert that evening. His wife had gone out to look for somebody, and had been looking all day. Bert said he had been with her most of the day, but wasn't going to look any more. Billy invited him over to his place for drinks. Bert accepted.

Steven was clipping an earring on when he heard the voice. He spun around and saw nothing. Then he realized the voice was in his head. It was Dracula!

"Angelique, dearest, come to me. Come to me, beloved. Come." Steven was stunned. The voice was hypnotic. He realized it was useless to resist. He grabbed his purse and left his room.

He was leaving the building when Bert pulled up in front. Bert didn't recognize Steven at first.

"Holy crow! Hey, you, Steven Hunt! Hey, it's me, Bert Martin. Listen, I'm sorry I dressed you up like that. . "But Steven wasn't listening. He just walked forward, obsessed.

"Hey, are you high? Is that why you're still like that? Hey, listen, I'm really sorry.. my wife is out looking for you. She's really upset that you didn't go home last night. Hey! Listen to me."

They were a block from the building now. Steven still gave no indication that he acknowledged Bert's presense. Bert followed him, amazed at how good he really looked. Thogh he didn't like girls sexually, boys in skirts were a different matter.

"I take it you're really into dressing up, eh? That's okay. Id doesn't bother me any. Whatever turns you on, you know?"

Bert continued to follow Steven through the city. He was led into an old run down school building. Fearing the killer, Bert looked around for a weapon. He found a broomstick and smashed it on the ground. It splintered, leaving a formidable spear in his hands. Steven wound his way down into the bowels of the building, followed by Burt.

Reaching the basement, Steven stopped.

"My beloved," he moaned. Bert tried to adjust his eyes to the darkness, but couldn't see anything.

"Angelique," said a voice that sent shivers down Bert's spine.

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In his room, Billy began to worry. Bert should have been here an hour ago, he thought. He peered out the front window, and saw his car. He went downstairs to see why his car was down there and Bert wasn't up here.

Downstairs, Billy looked inside Bert's car. Not there. He looked up the street. Nothing. He looked the other way. A figure that might have been B rt was following some chick about two blocks up. Billy began to follow.

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Betty Martin had been looking for Steven all day, knowing in her heart that it was a

futile search. What made her think Steven would want her to find him, especially after what her husband had done to him. She was about to head on home, since it was after dark, and definitely not safe, when she saw him. And Bert. Steven was still dressed as a girl, but in different clothes. They were heading the opposite direction on the other side of a busy highway. By the time she crossed, she was far behind her husband and Steven. And Billy, she noticed.

****

Dracula moved toward Steven in the catacomb-like basement of the school building. Bert could make out his movements, but nothing else. If Dracula had noticed Bert, he made no indication.. He embraced Steven and kissed him passionately, Steven meekly submitting. Dracula took his hand and led him to the far end of the room. Bert lost all sight of them, but stayed where he was.

In a small off-room, Dracula led Steven in and sat him down. Closing the door, Dracula lit a small torch and put it in a niche in the wall. He took in the sight of the feminized boy all at once. The dress Steven had bought for himself fitted him much better than Betty's had. It was made of a silk-like material with slit, puffed sleeves tied just above the elbows. It had an off-the shoulder neckline that plunged down to his bosom, and was gathered and tied at his waist. A double-ruffled hem fell just

below his knees and above the four-inch high heels, on his feet. Dracula slowly unzipped the beautiful garment from the dainty boy's body and removed it.

He then removed a long, beautiful white gown, that was centuries old but looked brand new.

"It was my Angelique's", whispered Dracula. "And now it is yours."

Bert had seen the light of the torch beneath the small door at the far end of the room and moved slowly toward it. He could hear a man's voice from inside, but didn't hear Steven at all. He gripped the spear-like weapon tighter.

Billy was reluctant to follow his lover into the old building and so had lingered outside for a few minutes, hoping Bert would re-emerge.

A voice from behind him startled him. It was Betty, Bert's wife. After some rather cold conversation, they entered the building together.

The sudden opening of the door startled Bert so much he cried out and dropped his weapon. In the weak light given off by the torch, Bert finally laid eyes on the Prince of Darkness-Dracula. He was instantly mesmerized. Dracula motioned him to one side and Bert did so. Dracula then bid Steven

to emerge from the room.

Betty and Billy arrived downstairs just at that moment and saw Steven come out of the room. He was dressed in the gown, with a veil covering his face, and yards and yards of lace covering his body. The gown trailed out behind him and he moved forward slowly, a bouquet of flowers in his delicate hands. Dracula was standing to one side, staring at his 'bride'.

Seeing Betty and Billy, Dracula stared at them. They met his gaze and were also hypnotized.

"Witnesses," said Dracula, bemused. He suddenly cried out in an unholy tongue. From all areas of the basement, the undead answered his call. They shuffled mindlessly toward him, heeding nothing, save his call. The unholy ceremony was set to begin.

Taking his bride's hand, Dracula and Steven stood facing one of the zombie-like people. Through unseeing eyes, Steven stared at the 'minister', looking more gorgeous than any bride had a right to be. Even a she-male bride.

In a sickly, undead tongue, the minister began the ceremony. Bert was pushed into the wall by the legion of vampires and snapped out of the spell of Dracula. He stared in horror at the grisly figures surrounding him and then saw his wife, and Billy!! And Dracula marrying Steven. The entire scene swept through

his mind and he almost retched. But his hand felt a sharp object, laying upright against the wall. His spear! He snatched it up.

The ceremony was winding down. Dracula and Steven had exchanged vows and were pronounced man and wife. Dracula was about to kiss his bride.

Instead of heading for Steven's lips, Dracula lowered his head to his bride's neck. Then he screamed out and leaped backwards from Steven, who awoke from his trance. Betty and Billy awoke from their hypnotic states also. Dracula was wheeling about the room, grabbing at his back. He hissed and foamed at the mouth. Steven saw Bert keeping just out of Dracula's grasp then noticed what he was wearing. He looked around him and saw just Billy, Betty, Bert and the mortally wounded Count. From Dracula's back, a broomhandle protruded. Dracula was lunging at Bert, giving up on removing the spear. He then gave up trying to get Bert and turned toward his bride. "Angelique?," he muttered sickeningly. He fell to his knees in front of Steven, who was rivited to the spot in terror.

In his deaththroes, Dracula clutched at Steven, grabbing his breasts and ripping the front of the gown off. In his hands, the Lord of Darkness found two rolled up stockings. He looked up at the bare-chested Steven and shot

a hand out at his groin. Dracula pulled back in horror and died, in a heap. Betty leaped into her husband's arms. Billy looked at Bert sadly. Steven was staring at the heap on the floor, as it turned to dust before his eyes.

After changing back into his own dress, Steven left the building with the three others. He went back to Bert and Betty's house and sat there in pensive thought. Bert had made up his mind to tell Betty about him and Billy, hoping she would understand.

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It is now one year later. The killings had mysteriously stopped and people began to venture out of their homes again after dark.

But a strange family had risen from out of the ashes of those dark hours. A family living in mid-town Manhattan composed of one homosexual young executive, his wife, his male lover, and a skirted she-male. All four were quite satisfied with the arrangement, and the lovemaking often went on late into the night.

Every night.

The End.

Ridiculed in DRAG

Mary Ann and I had finally arrived at her home and she wasted no time in letting it be known who was boss. I was so astonished to be overpowered so quickly as she threw me upon the floor immediately after entering her house.

"Lick my shoes!" she commanded as I lay on the floor in a daze. I turned my head to show my refusal. She kicked me in my buttocks with her wicked platform shoe.

"Obey me now or you'll be sorry!" she yelled. The sting of the shoe on my soft buttocks left me

little choice. I turned towards her and began obeying her order.

Mary Ann sat herself down on a chair and put her feet upon a hassock. "Start at the heel and on the sole bottoms and keep licking them till they look like new. Do it well for I will check them and they had better be clean or else!"

I felt her stern voice go right through me. With reluctance I began to drag my tongue--cleaning her shoes. She only gave an occasional stare as she read a magazine. I continued this task for over an hour as I was near completion of the chore. She poured herself a glass of wine from a bottle on the end table near her. My mouth was very dry as I worked my way to the sides and tops of her shoes. I was in need of something to drink for I had very little moisture in my mouth. Very meekly I asked her for a drink. But she just gave me a particularly stern stare and took a sip from her glass. Then giving me a simple grin, shook her head no.

She finished her glass of wine and quickly refilled it. She then got up and proceeded out of the room to the bathroom. Needing a drink very badly I took a few sips from the bottle.

Mary returned and walked towards me and sniffed my breath. She exploded, "So you want a drink of wine do you? I wanted you to suffer for your task not be rewarded! Follow me piglet."

She took the bottle of wine and followed her to to the bedroom. She sat down on the edge of her bed and began fondling my crotch. This caused me to get an erection very quickly. "It won't be easy for you to please me, Fred. I am used getting my way and if you want to continue seeing

me you will have to give in to my whims no matter how it humiliates you." Being so aroused by her fondling me combined with the sound of blunt confidence in her voice, I fell to my knees before her.

"I will, I will-please, Mary give me a chance. I'll give you your way I promise." Mary Ann just smiled and began running her fingers through my hair.

"Yes, you will won't you-you little darling." I nodded in agreement and she yanked my hair, pulling my head backwards. She took a sip from the bottle and spit it in my face. "Yes! You'll obey piglet, starting right now!" She pushed me out of her way with her feet and stood up. There she stood, towering over me with her hands on her hips.

"Remove your clothes, I want you to wear a little something for me. If you truly want to see me again, you'll wear the clothes I want you to wear and only the clothes I want you to wear."

As I stood up and began to undress, Mary walked over to her dresser and began searching through the drawers. I stood there naked as she handed me an electric razor. She pulled out the cord and plugged it in as she turned it on. "Shave your legs for me, little worm!" I reluctantly took the razor and shaved the hair off my legs. I could feel my masculine identity fall with every stroke. After my legs and thighs were shaven clean, I was told to shave my arms, chest and underarms.

"You'll have your beard removed later, but first you'd better get dressed before you catch a chill. Here," she haded me a pair of frilly blue, nylon bikini panties, "and get that ugly worm out

of the way, it looks gross on you."

I pulled the panties on and pushed my penis towards my hine. "Now this", she handed me a pair of black pantyhose. I sat down and rolled the legs of the pantyhose down so I could put them on in the proper, lady-like fashion.

"Stay there", and she went back to the dresser and took out a panty girdle and hip-padding. She put the pads in place and threw the girdle at me. "You're going to wear these types of things all the time, aren't you Fred?" I meekly answered yes. I felt totally humiliated as I pulled the panty girdle on for I knew how the padding added much of a feminine form to my body.

Mary Ann got up and took a box out of the closet. I took the container from her and opened it. Inside was one of those 'treasure chests' you see advertised in magazines. Mary Ann began applying glue to it and my chest as I began blushing from the mortification of all this. She then helped me put it on and in some odd way I was becoming very aroused by my transformation. She gave my crotch a few tweaks which made my shaft become very hard!

She sat back on the bed as I stood before her in total subjugation. "Something is missing, do you know what it is?" I nodded yes. "Well, what is it my little panty-sissy? I want you to tell Mary Ann what else her little man has to wear to please her." In a state of total embarrassment I just stood there blushing. "Don't turn red worm, just tell me what else you need to wear!" The tone of her voice was totally demanding. I just looked into her stern stare.

"A bra." I blurted out as a cold chill ran

through my body.

"Yes, that's right. Isn't this cute, you all dressed up like this and still you want me to give you one of my feminine bras." She began laughing as she took a matching blue bra from the dresser drawer. She extended her arm out towards me and put the bra in my hand. I took if from her and put it on. As I struggled with the fasteners behind me she looked on in amusement.

"Well, tell me, how do you feel little man?" She crossed her legs and the sight of seeing her nyloned legs thrilled me. I began to lose all self control and began to shake with excitement. I thought for a moment, trying to find the right words to say. I in no way wanted to fail with my answer. I wanted Mary Ann so badly and I wanted her forever, even if I did have to endure this bizarre humiliation.

Mary Ann stood up and took a full length black slip from her closet. As she handed the silky, shimmery garment to me, she asked again, "Well, how do you feel, sissy-boy?"

Taking the slip from her I put it on and let the hem of it fall to my ankles. "I feel very effeminate but I'll endure this anytime you wish. I love you, please don't ever leave me..." I begged.

"Good, then you'll be anything I want you to be, won't you?"

"Yes", I replied, "anything, anything at all!"

"Alright then, let's get this over with in a hurry, I'm sick of wasting time with you!"

She put her hand in mine and led us to the cosmetic table. She sat me down on the stool in front of the mirror and then sat on my lap facing me. She took the electric razor and removed every trace of facial hair... she ordered me to put my hands behind me... I was handed a pair of handcuffs and told to fasten them to my wrists!... Which I did. She ran the razor over my face again making sure I was very closely shaven. She took a pair of tweezers and plucked my brows giving an occasional giggle with every hair she pulled. Next she took an eyelash curler and took hold of one of my eyelids.

"Do you know what I want?" She asked as she did the same to the other lid, pulling on my lashes. She gave my crotch a few hard tweaks and caresses as I became so aroused I began crying from frustration.

"Shut up woman!" she yelled as she gave me several blows to the face with her open hand. "I'll have to start over from the very, very beginning if you keep this up. Don't you dare ruin my make-up job when I'm finished. I'm going to give your face a little transformation to match the one on your body. I'll leave you for not only wasting my time but my make-up as well... understand? Now hold perfectly still!"

I remained motionless and she applied false eyelashes to my upper and lower lids. She continued with all the cosmetics on her table. When she was through she brushed my hair and tied it. Then she stood up and got a coiffured wig from the closet and placed it on my head. She then combed it up making sure all the curls were in

their proper form. She took a bottle of perfume and gave the sides of my neck a few hardy sprays.

"We'd better hurry up, I've got a date tonight and I don't want to be late meeting him," she said cunningly.

"What?" I yelped in a total state of shock.

"Don't start crying now and ruin my make-up job or I'll end it for good right here and now!"

"Please don't go!" I pleaded. "Please do anything with me you like, forever, please Mary Ann. I'll be your slave, anything, please..."

"You are my slave already, little worm. Let's see how obedient you can be. If you are obedient enough I may stay with you tonight, then again, I may not. But I'll decide not you!" She unlocked my handcuffs and I was then allowed to stand. She handed me a pair of black high-heeled shoes. They were so high and small in size that I had to use a shoe horn to put them on. Mary Ann told me to put my foot on the bed. She then pulled the ankle strap of my shoe as tight as it would go and then did the same to the other strap. Next she handed me an ankle length gown. Wanting so badly to please her, I slipped into it without any orders. I stood before her.

"Oh, aren't we lovely!" she said in a tone of ridicule. "Only one thing left to do then I can get ready to leave." She handed me a box of fake fingernails which I applied as quickly as possible. Without orders I painted them a color to match my lipstick.

As I blew my nails, she changed into a blue

satin jump suit. She fixed her hair and make-up as I stood on the other side of the room, watching her every move. I was hopelessly captivated by the sight of her loveliness. The knowledge of her leaving for a date made me feel very insecure and weak. I couldn't let her leave me tonight, what if she started to like this guy? ---I could lose her forever. God what do I do?, I thought to myself.

"Please don't go tonight, Mary Ann, please. I'll do anything you ask, I'll even do your housework and I'll pay you to stay here. Oh please..." I begged.

"What kind of housework could you do good enough to make me want to stay with a sissy fag like you when I could be with a real man?". She asked scornfully.

"All of it, I'll clean your kitchen, bathroom and I'll do all your dusting too."

"Well, what else?" she asked as she combed her hair and laughed.

"Your laundry, I'll wash everything." I pleaded.

She applied her lipstick as I stood helplessly and watched. "What money, how much , how badly to you want me to stay?"

I had no control over myself. "All of it, take all the money from my wallet, you can have it." She took the wallet out of my pants pocket. She handed me my wallet.

"How much sissy-boy? How much can I have?" I opened it up and took out all the cash I had. I handed her the money. She counted it. "Good,

there's sixty dollars here, maybe I'll take him out tonight." She put the money in her handbag. And what about my housework, you said you'd take care of that too!"

"Yes, anything, everything, all of it!" I pleaded.

"Even if I do this?" She ran to the kitchen and I followed. She opened the door of the fridge and took out a dozen eggs. One by one she threw them about the room. They splattered on the floor, stove, cabinets, and walls. "Yes, I'll clean it up for you." I replied. "And what if I do this?" She took a large can of chocolate syrup and went to the bathroom. She poured it all over until the entire bathroom. was covered in syrup.

"Yes," I replied, "anything you want me to do, I'll do."

"Anything?" she asked cunningly.

"Yes, Mary Ann, anything, I'm yours. I'm your slave, you showed me that tonight, I'll do everything you say." I replied in desperation.

"Good slave, then hand me your street clothes," she ordered. As I went to the bedroom to get them she put on her coat. "Give them to me." I handed them to her. "Now clean up this mess and if you get done before I get home, start on my laundry. Iron them and put them in their proper places. If I'm satisfied with your work I'll never see this guy again. If not...well, it's up to you!"

"You're not leaving me here like this, are you?" I asked meekly.

"Watch me!" She went out the door and as

commanded I watched her put my clothes in the trunk of her car and drove off.

I knew she controlled me now. I knew my place. All I could do now was clean up this mess and hope I did a good enough job for her. I went to work on the kitchen first, being sure all the egg's remains were cleaned off their landing sites. It took several hours to clean the kitchen and when I was done I washed the dirty dishes and put them away.

My feet were bothering me from the tight fit and high heels, and I was beginning to feel a little tired from all this work. It was after midnight before I had finished the bathroom. Both rooms were cleaned and polished and I only hoped it would please Mary Ann when she returned.

I started doing her laundry and washed her things by hand. Time flew by as I neared completing her basketfull of dirty clothes. I hung them to dry on a clothes rack. I just sat around waiting for them to dry a bit before I began to iron them. I was very nervous and found it difficult to site quietly. All I could think of was her with some other guy. I had to find something to do. I thought of things to do which I hoped would please her so I began to polish all her boots and shoes. One by one I polished them until they were all clean and shiny. I had them lined up in the living room so it would be the first thing she saw when she arrived home.

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Time passed quickly by and the sun was already showing in the windows. I was very nervous. I really wished she'd get home. I drank a Bloody Merry and soon was fixing another one when she

arrived home. She opened the door and quickly slammed it shut.

"Did you get all your work done?" she asked.

"Yes, Mary Ann and I did your laundry and cleaned all your boots and shoes." I said with a sound of glee hoping she would be happy with all the work I had completed.

"What do you have to be so proud about?"

"I did all the things you said to do, Mary Ann, really I did." I replied meekly.

"Oh yeah, did you dust or vacuum? I'll bet you didn't even put clean sheets on my bed, did you?"

"No I, . . . I didn't know. I would have done that too." I answered.

"You didn't know I wanted it done?! You said you'd do all my housework, remember?"

"Yes I said if you stayed I'd do all your housework but, you left me . . ." I was silenced by a blow to the face.

"Don't you ever talk to me in that tone of voice again, understand?" I shook my head in agreement as I tried to keep from crying. "Oh stop pouting. You're such a sissy! Let me inspect your work, and while I do, put my shoes and boots away--- and do it one at a time."

As I put her shoes away she carefully inspected the house. I was almost done with this as she called to me from the bathroom. I entered and

she was sitting on the toilet bowl. Her jump suit was hung on the towel rack.

"Hang that up and come back, I have a little job for you to do." I took the jump suit, hung it up, and returned. She was sitting in the same position as she removed her finger nail polish. "I'll need a nightgown to sleep in. . . why didn't you bring one back. You asshole!" She just sat there giving me a stern stare and gritting her teeth. Meekly I left the room for the bedroom and returned with a nightgown.

"Put it on the rack and kneel right here." She said pointing directly in front of her. I knelt and waited as she painted her nails with a new color of polish. She put her legs over my shoulders. "He wants to go steady with me. I told him I'd give him a call when I got home to give him my answer."

My mind went blank. I soon became very afraid it was all over.

"Oops, I'm done. My nails are still wet, wipe my tush for me, will you Freddie?" She stood up, and I casually took some time and wiped her dry. She slipped into her nightgown and proceeded to the bedroom. I followed her and fell to my knees. I hugged her legs and began pleading with her to stay.

"Please tell him no, please stay. Teach me to be what you want. Please I'll be your slave forever. Please, I beg of you!"

She just stood there looking down at me showing her teeth through a snarl. "Liar!"

"Please, I'll do anything." I began crying.

"You say anything so easily I bet I can demand things you won't do for me." She yelled.

"Try me please, let me show you I'll do it. Please, just one chance!" Tears were nearly running down my face.

"Okay, a chance. You'll have one chance to prove it. Only one. So you'd better not blow it!" She walked over to the phone and picked up the receiver. "Pull down my panties and pantyhose." Once I did that she raised her gown to her waist. "Kiss my hine all over, in fact, give me a few hickies down there too. And don't stop till I tell you to!" She began dialing the number as I began kissing her ass. I heard him pick up the phone on the other end. "Hello Kurt, this is Mary." I gave her a few hickies as the conversation continued. "Kurt, can you hold on a second?" She pointed to her crack as she held her hand over the receiver. "I have one for you, a little wiff will do you good." She pushed her hine entirely in my face and let one go. "Breathe it in as deeply as possible." I was then ordered to leave the room. I went into the kitchen and fixed myself a cup of tea. She finally entered the kitchen, she took my tea and poured it in the sink. "I never thought you'd let me fart in your face like that. It amused me so much I broke off with him. But now you'll have a new job. Every phone call I get means a fart in the face for you and I want to hear you suck it in your lungs, down your throat! Whenever I pick up the phone you better be ready and waiting! Got me!"

I nodded in agreement and she proceeded to

bed. I took a nap on the couch.

******

Later that afternoon Mary Ann woke me. She was wearing tight worn blue jeans, a black satin blouse and high-heeled slides. "Get me something to eat, while you do, I'll get my make up on. Come get me in the bathroom and I hope you make a nice dinner. You'll be doing all the cooking around here." I went to the kitchen and started to prepare a dinner for her. I went to get her once everything was ready.

"I see two places set, your not eating until I'm through. I want to eat alone." She said sternly. Wanting no complications I complied with her whims. I waited on her hand and foot bringing her a differnt fork for every bite she took, extra bread, extra this and extra that. She then ordered me to bring her a large bowl. When I did she filled it with her remains off the plates. She poured the rest of her coffee in it and then emptied the coffee grounds and swill from the pan in it as well. I then cleaned the dishes and put them away. She took a fork from the drawer and handed it to me.

"This is your dinner. Sorry there is so little. You made such a nice dinner tonight. So if you want a bigger meal you'll have to cook a little less perfect or leave more fat on the meat." She just grinned at me as I tried to eat this mess she called a meal.

"What would a sissy like you do for a reward for eating my garbage?" She just sat across the

table grinning at me.

"Anything you want. I want to make you happy. Anything you like." I answered in a humble tone of voice.

"That's so nice of you. I want to have a little fun with you tonight. Kneel piglet so I can fart in your face! You've done it once, now you'll always do it. You'd better breathe hard too -- I want to hear it sucked into your lungs." She pushed her hine into my face and farted. Her ghastly odor filled my lungs. I sat there shivering as I held in the huge blast. She stood there giving me a stern stare. Finally I couldn't hold it in any longer and I let it out. "You'd getter get used to that. I just may want to do that to you in public. You just might become the center of attraction if you don't learn how do to it right!"

"Oh, please don't humiliate me like that..." I begged.

"You'll be embarrassed by me, humiliated by me, and anything I want to do I'll do it to you. Got it?!?" She stood in front of me and put her fist about an inch from my face. Suddenly I became very agreeable.

"Get changed -- and leave your panties and hose. I want you to remember your place at all times." I washed off my make-up and removed all the feminine adornments as she looked on. I slowly changed into my regular clothes. We were soon ready to leave and we drove into the center of town. I was ordered to use my bank book to get some money. I used the after hours teller and

withdrew over 200 dollars. We drove on. "Give me twenty dollars", she demanded. I quickly gave her a twenty dollar bill. She laughed hysterically, "You're a good little sissy you know that. You'll just have to be rewarded for this tonight, You'll just have to!"

As Mary Ann drove on, I awaited what she had planned for us. I was becoming nervous more and more as the miles slipped by. Mary Ann lit a joint and we soon caught an intense high from it. We finally found our evening's entertainment. Or should I say her entertainment. We pulled into a parking lot of a suburban shopping mall.

"Now you're going to buy me loads of new lingerie in here." she said as she opened the doors to the store. "You'll get my old ones at home in exchange." I walked with her as she spent what seemed like hours selecting fancy and expensive slips, bras, garters, and pantie girdles. "Now, I'll need some panties. I have about 15 pairs at home. So you'll get me double that amount in exchange." She carefully took her choices from the table. After she picked up her panties we walked to the cosmetic department. Mary pulled me closer to her as a saleslady walked by. "Now what color lipstick did you want me to get for you?" She burst out laughing as I just turned a bright shade of red. She selected a whole variety of cosmetics and we finally made our way out of the store. I paid for the items and I was left with about twenty dollars for myself.

"I have some money left from last night. I'll buy us a few drinks." She said. I loaded the car with the packages and got into expensive auto.

We sat a spell as she removed her shoes. She put her arms around me and began kissing me, then she reached in one of the bags and pulled out a new pair of pantyhose. After another long kiss she stuffed the pantyhose into my mouth.

"I'll be right back", she left the car and soon returned with a few quarts of gin and a quart of beer. She took a few sips from the bottle and handed it to me. As she drove on I tried to drink the beer down through the stockings. I could feel it seep around and through the stockings with each swallow.

After we arrived at the bar I was told to go to the men's room and put on the wet pantyhose. I went into the stall and pulled them on. The wet tight nylon felt both disgusting and exciting around my thighs and buttocks. Once again my penis was hardening. I found my way back to her table and sat down. She ordered a few drinks as she lit a cigarette. Moments later we were on our fourth round of drinks. Mary Ann began flicking her ashes into my drink. She didn't say a word, she just gave me a stern stare as she put the butt in my glass. I knew without orders I was to drink it and swallow the butt as well. After my last swallow, Mary Ann began to smile.

"I'm glad you are accepting your place. You are learning to make me happy without my saying a word to you. Your going to be a perfect plaything. Take your shoes off. Maybe if I'm lucky someone will notice your panty-hosed feet."

I quickly removed them and Mary Ann ordered two bottles of wine. The wine was served and she began digging the heels of her shoes into the insteps of my feet.

"My feet hurt from standing in these heels all night so I decided it's your fault. So your cute little feet are going to hurt too!" The entire night she dug her heels into my feet. I was forced to drink my wine with the occasional cigarette ashes and butts in them. After we finished the second bottle she removed her heels from their resting place and I was then allowed to put my shoes back on. She paid the check and proceeded to the car where I was ordered to drive.

I started the car and drove on. At the first traffic light she unfastened my pants and slowly lowered them to the car floor. As I drove I lifted my feet so she could remove them completely. She then leaned up against the car door and laughed at the sight of me, exposed from the waist down. She then began blowing in my ear and kissing my neck, I was becoming excited and my shaft became very hard. She ran her fingers up and down my pantie-hosed inner thigh and driving was becoming a difficult task. I was soon forced to pull over on a dark side street.

"Stop it please, Mary Ann." I pleaded.

"Why? It entertains me to see you like this." She said cunningly.

"Please, Mary Ann relieve me then..."

"Beg, let me hear you beg sissy." She kept rubbing my hot and hard crotch.

"Please let me cum... you can humiliate me, anything, please just let me cum first!"

"You'll learn to relate the two when I'm done with you. You'll associate humiliation with your climax. Soon, being humiliated will turn you on so much that you'll beg me to do it to you every time. You'll beg me to humiliate and dominate you." Whispering that in my ear and feeling her passion mount drove me insane. She worked my erect shaft more and more, getting it closer to exploding in it's nylon pantie bondage.

"Please, Mary I'll do anything!" I pleaded.

"Will you cum in your own hand?" Being so excited I quickly agreed without even thinking. She helped me lower my panties and hose and placed one of my hands near the head of my shaft. "C'mon sissy boy, let it all out for Mary. Like a good sissy, c'mon Freddie," she purred throatily. I soon exploded my load into my hand as she kept working her hand up and down my penis as though she were pumping me dry. I held a hand full of my cum as I tried frantically to collect my shattered senses. Mary Ann took my hand and put it near my mouth. "Look how much you came", she said with a sound of excitement. "Do you still want me to stay with you?" I nodded yes. "Well, then, show me by getting rid of that mess. Do it in a way that will make me laugh while it humiliates you!"

I stuck my tongue out and slowly cleaned it from my hand. She sat there watching my every facial expression as I tried to swallow between each lick. "See, I told you Mary, please don't ever leave me. You can humiliate and degrade me my whole life. Anyway you want it---please don't leave me..."

Mary Ann sat back against the car door and

and I was told to continue driving home. I started the car and drove on. She rolled down the car window and threw my pants on the road. "You don't need those anymore!" she said.

We finally arrived at the apartment. "I'm going in with the packages. I'll put all my new things away and make a pile of clothes for you of my old ones. They are to be your new wardrobe. And don't ever let me catch you in anything other than them either, or it's all over!"

"Take your time whenever you feel brave enough you can come in. I'm not giving you anything else to wear so be careful you don't get caught!"

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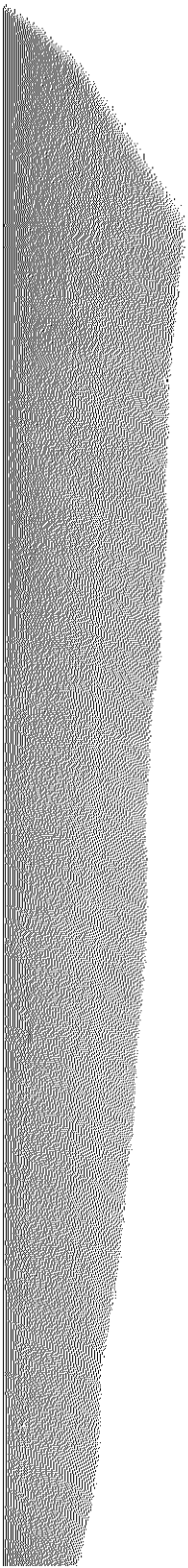

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